THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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INDIAN CHRONOLOGY

A PLEA FOR REALISM

[Three hundred learned papers published in the last thirty years is the record of **Shri P. K. Gode, M. A.,** the Curator of the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute at Poona, a record of which any scholar might justly be proud. In this article he has eschewed technicalities. It is based, he writes, on an "experience of twenty-seven years in solving the riddles of chronology so far as possible within the limitations imposed by the sources of study." His approach is all that modern scholarship could require and will doubtless commend itself to Orientalists generally. But sometimes we wonder if many among them would not achieve better results by freeing themselves from the cramping influence of Biblical chronology.—ED.]

Humanity frets and fumes against limitations of every kind. There is a yearning in the human breast to get over the limitations of the personality and the environment which fetters it. Life is worth living on account of this inner yearning which is the very root of human effort. Human effort, however, requires some thinking and as soon as we begin to think two most potent factors face us, *viz.*, *time* and *space*. The Yogis of India entertained an ambition to get over time and space by attaining the eight *Siddhis* but the poor historian of modern times who has specialized in determining the time and place of every historical event or person is left in the lurch. His *Karmayoga* in the field of historical research, which requires a patient search for new facts, new sources, new interpretations, saps all his energy and if he succeeds in solving at least a few riddles of history to the satisfaction of his fellow-workers he receives an added impetus for further research in the fields chalked out by him.

This laborious *Karmayoga* of historical research does not, however, attract the average student or professor who wants to achieve greatness in a single day by writing

brilliant articles on such topics as the age of the Veda, the date of the *Mahābhārata*, the date of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, the dates of Kālidāsa, *Mṛcchakatika* etc., the dates of the several Purāṇas and similar mixed puddings of Indian antiquity. The mountain of hypothetical dates, a veritable glacier created by our brilliant writers, has done more harm than good to the cause of Indian history, as observed rightly by veteran scholars like Winternitz and others. The great American Sanskrit scholar Whitney was prophetic when he said, "All dates given in Indian literary history are pins set up to be bowled down again." This remark of Whitney's, recorded fifty-six years ago, is true to this day in respect of all the early dates referred to above.

Chronology is rightly looked upon as the very backbone of history, while *geography* is its eye. Accuracy in determining the time and place of a historical event or person inspires confidence but mere arguments do not prove a historical fact. All research worth the name in the historical field must connect the past with the present or, if this is not possible in a given case, it must accurately lay bare sufficient data by exploring a historical field within two definite chronological limits with a view to helping further investigation in the field by subsequent explorers. Recording data bearing on the problem under investigation and pointing out its significance is useful but writing page after page without discovering or recording any new fact does harm to the problem as it clouds the issues instead of clearing them. Mere inferences should be stated as such and even deductions from facts discovered should be cautiously made without leaving the moorings of facts.

The habit of fact-finding is more useful than the popular art of book-writing or brilliant presentation. There should be no mysticism in fact-finding or even in the presentation of facts. Evidence should be recorded without garbling and inferences therefrom should be presented in a clear-cut manner without adding too much polish or brilliance. The object of the investigator of facts should be the presentation of the facts discovered in their proper historical perspective with a view to helping brother investigators. Every research student will bear me out when I say that cautious research within reasonable limits warranted by specific data has not much to fear as it is never wide of the mark, though one may not always succeed in hitting the bull's-eye. The real test of a research article lies in its quote-worthiness in the eyes of subsequent workers in the field.

In the foregoing paragraphs I have briefly indicated what I may call the *realism* in historical research of which chronology is the greatest lever and one which, if stout and strong, has infinite potentialities. A beginner in chronology should ply his axe on some knotty problems for which some reliable data can be

gathered from sources still untapped. In our enthusiasm to determine the age of the Veda we neglect sources of history such as the numerous manuscripts in our libraries and the large number of inscriptions and archæological finds pertaining to the different epochs of history, not to say the valuable documents of the modern period of Indian history, all of which need systematic investigation and exploration. A close study of this enormous material even in part, if carried out under the guidance of competent teachers, is sure to develop a realistic outlook which is badly needed at the present stage of research in Indology.

The correlation of data from literary sources with the data from epigraphic and archæological sources is of paramount importance to the future of all research in Indology on scientific lines. Hundreds of research students can easily engage their minds in the study of this vast material that awaits exploitation in a cautious manner. Discoveries in research generally come from untapped sources. First-rate discoveries made by an investigator on the strength of new and unknown sources extend the bounds of our knowledge in a given field of history. While studying new historical sources we must in the first instance determine their chronology and then use them for historical reconstruction. Datable allusions or facts, when arranged in chronological order, make reliable history within their limitations. The investigator of historical facts must be a chronologist and not a novelist. The process of historical reconstruction worth the name is essentially an inductive process which builds up the edifice brick by brick with the cohesive cement of logic based on carefully selected facts.

If a research article contains only arguments, possibilities, mere semblances of facts, merely brilliant phrases and epigrams, merely controversial and at times vituperative matter, it is absolute nonsense and possesses no research value as it lacks in the element of realism, which is the very soul of research. Such articles are generally made to order and possess no reference value whatsoever. The process of exploration in a historical field is a very slow process and unless our portfolio is full of data gathered on several problems of history and chronology we cannot write any research article worth the name.

Though intuition is the guiding spirit in research it cannot function without reason, which analyses and selects the data to be used. The investigator has no conscious control over the facts collected or their infinite bearings on history and chronology. All research is an organic growth and when one problem is cleared up and solved, it gives rise to other problems or their aspects, which, if not noted down, disappear from one's mental horizon. We must, therefore, work without a break on a given problem and, while attempting to clarify it, note down

without fail all suggestions regarding allied problems. These suggestions have many creative possibilities in the different fields of research but they will require further factual exploration and verification by either the investigator himself or his brother workers in these fields.

Historical research, to be accurate and exhaustive, requires the solution of all problems connected with the field of investigation, in a realistic manner. The investigator, unlike the journalist, must keep all his cards on the table when he writes a research article and must not try to appear more learned and informative than he is actually with respect to the data presented in his article. He should not create traps for other investigators, as this habit is dangerous to research and at times it entraps the investigator himself. If honesty pays in the long run in business matters, there is greater need of it in research matters which demand for their final triumph an intellectual integrity of a superior type commanding respect from brother investigators whose admiration and regard for one's accomplished work is the *sine qua non* of research. Perfect integrity in research creates confidence in the investigator and in his colleagues and on this confidence depends the future of research in all branches of knowledge.

Many of the problems connected with the early Indian chronology are beset with difficulties and without the discovery of new material bearing on these problems they must remain insoluble. The early Indian texts like the *Vedas*, the *Āraṇyakas*, the *Upaniṣads* and the like are floating isles in the ocean of eternity whose exact location in our chronological conspectus of ancient India has provided much sport to Indologists and their allies. The average lover of Indian antiquities, though he is enthusiastic in his search for truth in the beginning of his career, later develops a sense of weariness and vacuity after reading a ton of inconclusive writings and he is completely disillusioned after wasting much of his time and energy in this direction. If he begins his career with a study of later periods of Indian history he is not so much disillusioned, as there is some *terra firma* to stand upon in these fields.

I am of opinion that we should study all early literature, not with a view to determining its chronology or history but with a view to getting acquainted with its rich cultural, philosophical and religious contents, which have moulded Indian life and thought through centuries before and after the Christian era. These contents have a definite place in the history of Indian culture and thought, even though their exact chronology cannot be determined by scholarly ingenuity or patriotic endeavour of modern historians. It is better to suspend judgment on the chronology of these early texts, especially with regard to such of them as have not been even critically edited. Even when we want to study these texts from the cultural point of view we

require critical editions of them as the first requisite for such a study.

It is for this purpose that the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute, Poona, has been working on its Critical Edition of the *Mahābhārata* for the last twenty-six years, because it firmly believes in textual criticism as a preliminary to all interpretative criticism of the text of the Great Epic. It is only for this purpose that Dr. V. S. Sukthankar, the father of Indian textual criticism, worked as the General Editor of the *Mahābhārata* and met his sad end in 1943 after having spent seventeen years without a break on this monumental edition, to the exclusion of other studies. During his work on the *Mahābhārata* Dr. Sukthankar used to receive many queries about the chronology of the *Mahābhārata*, but he told his correspondents to wait till his critical edition was completed. There was much wisdom and foresight in this attitude of Dr. Sukthankar towards the chronology of the Great Epic—as future generations of scholars can easily realize.

It is easy to postulate hypothetical dates for all Brahmanical literature prior to 500 B. C. or so, because in this field one is not afraid of meeting an opponent with any deadly weapon to demolish these dates. Let it, however, be borne in mind by all such enthusiasts that the burden of proving these dates lies on their authors and not on their opponents. These enthusiasts, however, are likely to ask why, in a field where many kites are flying already a few more of different colours should not be sent up, flying high or low according to the mental calibre of each enthusiast. This attitude towards the problems of early chronology is, to say the least, unscientific. I have often seen in the pages of numerous Oriental journals, as also in the private talk of scholars, that when the subject of an article or a talk pertains to early chronology many scholars come forward with counter-suggestions. On the other hand, when a scholar publishes an article on the chronology of later authors, with substantial evidence or with a little array of facts, nobody cares to study this evidence as it entails some cost of time and energy to do so. This state of affairs is due to the sense of security which everyone feels in writing about or criticising early chronology. But there is always the danger of being contradicted by opponents with stronger evidence if one writes a bogus article pertaining to later chronology without a substratum of facts gathered after intensive study of the problem.

The foregoing remarks on the necessity of developing a realistic outlook in our study of Indian chronology and history are based on my own experience of more than twenty-five years in handling problems of literary chronology and publishing the results of my investigation in the form of numerous research papers in several Oriental journals. At the beginning of my research career I remember to have read the remark of a fellow-scholar

with respect to Indian chronology that *Indian chronology is based on doubts and thrives on perplexities.* For more than twenty-five years I have struggled hard and continuously to remove these doubts and reduce these perplexities, to the best of my abilities and resources, without abandoning my realistic approach to the problems studied or the solutions offered to the scholarly world. I have reason to believe, on the strength of the use made of my articles by brother investigators, that the method adopted by me throughout my studies is quite trustworthy. In fact, many of the results of my investigation have been surprisingly corroborated by other scholars from independent contemporary sources of history and chronology. I am convinced that it is safer to wade through known territories of investigation to unknown fields than take a leap in the Brazilian jungle of early chronology on the wings of one's imagination, historical or other, and then be lost to the world for good.

Stern accuracy in inquiry, bold imagination in expounding and filling up, these are the two pinions on which *history* soars—or flutters and wabbles. —*Carlyle*

P. K. GODE

MOHENJO-DARO ENGINEERS

Mr. A. Khaleeli's advice in his address on April 22nd to the Association of Mysore Engineers, Madras, which *The Hindu* reports, was not only wholesome but necessary. While recognising the important rôle which engineering would play in post-war India, he invited the engineers' attention to the study of ancient India's contributions to the science. Great ancient highways and irrigation projects, beautiful temples, mosques and historic monuments bore witness to their ancestors' remarkable activities in this direction. The excavations at Mohenjo-Daro had revealed unsuspected achievements that, he said, "would put the sanitary engineers of today to shame." Little was known of the authors of those schemes and constructions or of how they were carried out, and a study of ancient engineering practice, apart from its academic research value, might indeed "start new lines of thought on engineering science."

It is a salutary corrective to modern pride in our assumed pre-eminence in the arts and the sciences to have to admit, as one writer has put it, that

> we are totally unable, we will not say to build anything like the monuments of Egypt, Hindustan, or Assyria, but even to rediscover the least of the ancient "*lost* arts."

EDUCATION FOR WORLD CITIZENSHIP

[**Rajasevasakta Prof. A. R. Wadia,** former Director of Public Instruction in Mysore State, here brings the view-point of the seasoned educationist of liberal mind to the consideration of a problem of primary importance to world peace. The children are our hope and we must see that they grow up free from our cramping moulds, the narrow prejudices that distort the vision and compress the hearts of the majority of men and women at the present day.—ED.]

No philosophical classic has proved to be more sweeping in its range or more provoking in its suggestiveness than Plato's *Republic*. And nothing in it has been more enduring than his emphasis on education as *the* instrument of progress. He believed in heredity, but his remarks on the subject were more suggestive than scientific, and succeeding generations were wise in appreciating his philosophy of education as the most potent means of moulding man both in his body and his mind. In the nineteenth century the Biometrical School of Karl Pearson emphasised the greater importance of heredity than of environment, but the history of Europe and America has shown during the last few decades how compulsory education has brought up a generation keen and alert, with zest for knowledge and the better life.

Russia in particular shows how even in most backward societies and with unpromising material a system of education steadfastly pursued can make heroes out of ordinary mortals and cultured patriotic citizens out of boors. It has revived our faith, if it had ever waned, that education can transform men and women into the desired patterns. The question of importance today is the ideal that we want our young men and women to imbibe. Twenty years of Fascism and Nazism have shown how Fascists and Nazis can be manufactured. Twenty years of communistic régime in Russia have shown how men and women can be made, if not to shed altogether, at least to modify, their acquisitive instinct. So the old faith is strengthened that education can be a powerful instrument for good, and it will be a sorry reflection on our generation if we cannot harness it for the good of mankind at large.

The history of humanity shows how families welded together in tribal organisations ultimately grew into nations. In the last century the nation appeared to be the most important political concept, and the policies of statesmen revolved round it. Economic and political exploitation appeared to be quite legitimate means of keeping down weaker peoples, and war the divine instrument to keep down rival nations of more or less equal cultural importance. In these circumstances educational systems were dominated by the national ideal. *My nation, right*

or wrong, replaced the normal rules of morality in international affairs. And we have seen the result in the short space of twenty-five years in the two most devastating wars the world has seen. Modern science has figured as the Caliban of our generation, magnificent in its inventiveness, ruthless in its powers of destruction. The tragedy of our generation is that we have not grown morally as we have grown intellectually, our heart has not been keeping pace with our head. And the result? The answer cannot be put more pointedly than in the words of a German mother ten years ago. It was in Berlin. A friend of mine with the usual family instinct of an Indian asked a lady of his acquaintance how many children she had, and she answered: "Why should I have children? I don't want them to be just cannon fodder." What a gruesome condemnation of our civilisation!

In human history wars have been waged for various reasons. Hungry hordes have warred on well-fed neighbours, and fanatics have resorted to the sword to convert the world to their own pattern of religion. But mostly wars have been the result of greed, naked and unashamed, for land or wealth or commercial supremacy. They have been resorted to all the more easily if the victims of an attack have happened to be weak and ill-armed and too honest and simple to resist the wiles of the so-called civilised. This is an argument for so arranging humanity as to make backwardness and weakness things of the past, but to achieve this happy end the so-called advanced peoples of the earth, with their diabolical means of destruction, need to undergo a training of their hearts as much of their heads, for every great human reform, whether pure monotheism or abolition of slavery, equality of the sexes or the education of the backward, has been made possible only by a change of heart. And if equality of the races is to be achieved, that too will require a change of heart, and this can be brought about only by a well-planned system of education.

Nationalism is the most pronounced disease in our body politic because it has been fostered by the current systems of education. We blame Mussolini and Hitler for the chauvinistic education for which they made themselves responsible. But the evil in their case is only magnified; it is by no means absent in other countries, especially countries like England and France that go in for empires and so inevitably for power politics. An average Englishman, with the reticence inborn in the nation, may not boast of his greatness, but in his heart of hearts he is conscious of his superiority to all others and especially the coloured peoples, as his social behaviour in India and elsewhere abundantly proves. Even the democratic American has his consciousness of God's own country and of his colour superiority to the very Negroes through whose labour the economic prosper-

ity of the white American has been to a considerable extent built up. The French are the least colour-conscious among the great powers, but even they cannot forget the glory that was Napoleon or their possessions which contribute to their material greatness. *Deutschland über alles* expresses the quintessence of German hauteur and racial bumptiousness.

In this atmosphere of extreme nationalism the concept of world citizenship is apt to be brushed aside as an idle dream of idealists. But the dreams of yesterday have often proved to be the realities of today, and there is no reason that a world shaken by continuous wars of nations may not settle down to a peace in which each nation may be treated as an equal and allowed to lead its own life and contribute to the general good. The idea is not altogether chimerical when we remember how peoples from the ends of the earth have found a new home in the U.S.A. where they have shed their past associations and patriotisms and agreed to merge themselves in the new community. Similarly the Russia of today, constituting a sixth of the world, aims at being a union of nations, different from one another and yet willing to have a common economic and political organisation and a common patriotism. Even the British Commonwealth of Nations may be cited as an example, though not a perfect one so long as the coloured portions of the Commonwealth are placed on an inferior plane.

There are means of developing the consciousness of world citizenship, which it is for the educationists to exploit for all they are worth. They may be classified roughly under five heads :—

(1) The teaching of history must undergo a radical transformation. In theory it is supposed to be a bare statement of facts. In actual fact it is suffused with an unhealthy amount of emotion. The individual ego becomes expanded into a national *we*. We did this and we did that. This tendency in itself may not be absolutely bad, but when made to stand out in isolated grandeur, it not merely tends to develop a glorified love of one's own country, but leads to despising other countries. Usually we start with teaching the history of our own country. It would be far more logical to begin with the history of mankind in its broadest outlines: tribes and city states and country states; the greatness of old civilisations, again in barest outline, and the towering personalities they produced; then on to modern history and the part played therein by the Europe of today. When with this background of world history the stage has been prepared, a more intensive study of the history of one's own country can well begin: its great men and women, its struggles, its triumphs and its failures, its cultural achievements in literature, art, science and philosophy. Such a procedure minimises the risk of painting one's own country

much too large, as in old Chinese maps where China occupied the major portion and the fringes round about accounted for all the other peoples of the earth. What the peace-loving Chinese did on paper the militant Europeans have tried to achieve in fact, unmindful of the agony of simple peoples.

In the teaching of history, wars have claimed far too much space, and have resulted in a bellicose psychology. The conquerors loom too large, and we forget that the Napoleon of *Code Napoléon* was much greater than the Napoleon of Jena and Austerlitz and the tragic hero of Waterloo. We learn too much of the Mysore Wars of Hyder and Tippu and too little of their statesmanship, which made the Mysore of those days great in the arts of peace. We magnify kings and minimise the common men whose industry has made kings and nobles possible. The model for history writing was set by J. R. Green when he produced his noble *History of the English People*.

(2) Literature is another great means. We may be proud of our own men of letters, but great literature knows no national bounds, and great thoughts are too precious not to be made a part of the whole human inheritance. In our studies we emphasise too much this or that particular literature. It would transform the insular Englishman, if he could know something not merely of Goethe and Dante and Tolstoy and Victor Hugo but also of Confucius and Buddha, of Kalidasa and Firdusi. Then the student would learn the vastness of the literary firmament and its richness. The man who knows about Kalidasa is not likely to look upon Indians as "niggers" or as "brownies." International sympathy can be developed through the genuine internationalism of literature. Why should our text-books have lessons culled from only one country or only one literature, even though that country and that literature be ours? It is a sign of narrow-mindedness to focus all our attention on *our* literature and *our* history. Nowhere is Rudyard Kipling more pertinent than when he says: "And what should they know of England who only England know?"

(3) Religion, which is meant to unite, has succeeded most in dividing mankind. Though we have improved, we have not completely outlived Swift's biting observation: "We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another." It is difficult, if not impossible, for a professional priest to be anything but a narrow-minded fanatic, though there are honourable exceptions, but it should be possible for a man of culture to by-pass the priests altogether and go direct to the fountain-heads of religious wisdom. He may find something that needs to be discarded as antiquated and superstitious, but he will find a good deal that has the fragrance of religion at its best. The man who admires the struggles of Zarathustra to establish

the religion of Ahura Mazda can appreciate the struggle of the Jewish prophets to bring back the stiff-necked among their people to the ways of righteousness. The man who can understand the significance of the tragedy of Calvary can understand what made Buddha turn his back on pomp and power.

There is a certain breadth and depth in the prophets, which the puny-minded priests can never get at. Thus they miss the message of religion. In their hands it becomes a mass of rituals and pilgrimages, a huge commerce in souls. The unity of God and of Religion is lost and men find that hell is nearer than the kingdom of God. There is already a revulsion of feeling against the religion of the priests. As the light of knowledge spreads men will automatically drift further and further away from them, and the day will come when something within them will lead them to the pure treasures of the Gathas and of the New Testament and of the *Koran*, of the Upanishads and of the *Gita*. And men from the ends of the earth will find that they are after the same God and the same righteousness that makes for world citizenship.

(4) *Prima facie* the gentler side of human nature knows no greater enemy than the scientist who has made human warfare a veritable hell on earth. But scientists have worked also for the relief of human suffering and bringing colour and light even to the humblest homes, while through the cinema and the radio they have relieved the drabness of life and brought cheer even to the loneliest. Science has contributed too to the growth of the idea of world citizenship. Not merely has it spanned vast distances and made our world a very small unit in the stellar universe and thereby shaken the sense of aloofness that marked humanity when travel in a bullock cart or on horseback gave a sense of the vastness of space.

It has done something more. It has destroyed the illusion of blue blood with its prosaic classification of human blood. Our modern blood banks keep no account of the blood collected any more than our banks keep account of where particular currency notes have come from. Or take again the bold discovery of the Russian doctors who collected the corneas from corpses on the battle fields and transplanted them on the living and made them see again. Not merely can an American today live through the blood of a Chinaman, but he can also see through the cornea of a dead German or Russian. We used to fancy not so long ago that at least our body belonged to us only, but it does not. It can become part and parcel of another body. Does that not give proof of that basic unity of life which runs through the whole universe and which the Upanishads proclaimed with such clarity many centuries ago? With the work of Sir Jagadish Bose the continuity of plant life with human life was established. And now the Western scientists have

proved the oneness of human blood and limbs in all humanity. The discovery is fraught with tremendous possibilities for the future.

It is for the educationists of the world to develop a new outlook and it is for the haughty white or yellow statesmen to realise that the brown and the yellow and the black do not represent alien stocks, still less definitely inferior stocks, but that they are all children of one family, scattered in the past and kept away from one another, but now the radio and the aeroplane have made them neighbours in a literal sense. Who can deny this when a Chinaman can hear the living voice of his brother in America and when an American can breakfast in New York, lunch in London and get back to dinner with his wife and children in Chicago?

(5) Most human prejudices are the result of ignorance, and ignorance breeds the conceit of individual or racial superiority. While the various considerations advanced above may be trusted to do their work, the finishing touch can be given by a greater and wiser use of the cinema than in the past. Cinemas have been exploiting the human fondness for thrills, sex, adventure and all that goes under the name of a good story. But it should be possible to introduce the lives of people in one part of the world to people in another, and the selection should not be of the merely spectacular type, where the worst customs of a people are exhibited to bring out their inferiority. Both understanding sympathy and wise imagination should be brought to bear on selecting scenes to bring out the best in each people.

But far better than the cinema is travel itself, if only one can afford it. Lin Yutang notes with biting sarcasm how Europeans have lived in China for years and yet known nothing of China, for they would go only from house to office and from office to club, in rickshaws or cars. And in India too the vast majority of the British bureaucracy may live for thirty years and more and never cross the threshold of an Indian home, other than the home of an official or a Westernised Indian. Unfortunately persons with the sympathy and vision of a Pearl Buck are rare; men may have eyes and yet see not, have ears and hear not, for the doors of their hearts are closed against the drama of human life in an environment different from their own.

It would not be a bad idea for each government to award scholarships for foreign travel to men and women who could see alien life and interpret it sympathetically. It would not be a bad idea if batches of clever children or youths could be taken to different countries where their contact with the young and old would breed understanding and sympathy.

Human civilisation has come to that point when we can see the utter bankruptcy of a purely nationalist outlook. No nation can afford to see its healthiest and clever-

est slaughtered in their millions twice in the short space of twenty-five years. After all, mothers do not face death and tire themselves out to bring up their children only to hear of their being shot on some battle field or to have them return to their loving arms as human wrecks with lost limbs or eyes or shattered nerves. The logic of life drives us to recognise the need of a world order where men and women can live in peace, and the world is big enough and fertile enough to let them so live. In the days of the Stoic philosopher who proclaimed himself a citizen of the world, it was only a proud boast. Today we are living in conditions where world citizenship can be much more than a dream, an aspiration ripe to be realised.

A. R. WADIA

PLATO ON EDUCATION

Those planners for the future who have learned through the bitter experience of two wars that education of the young is the corner-stone of civilised life will find not a few inspiring ideas in Sir Walter Moberly's presidential address to the Classical Association at St. Albans. (The Oxford University Press.) Sir Walter analysed Plato's conception of education and its significance for the times. Accepting education as the most important of national activities, Plato emphasised general education for life as more important than technical education, but that the former must be backed by a coherent philosophy of life. Education was the responsibility of the community, which must also provide for the intensive training of a select few for leadership.

Probably no aspect of educational purpose needs to be more stressed today than what Plato regarded as the primary object of all education, *viz.*, "education in human excellence which makes a man long and crave to become a perfect citizen, able rightly to rule and to obey." Not less important is Plato's conviction that education extends beyond the class room to the control of the entire environment so as to facilitate the proper unfoldment of the young.

Sir Walter's attempt to supplement the Platonic concept of right education, however, with "Christian insights which were necessarily unavailable to Plato" will not commend itself to many. These "Christian insights" include "faith in the living God" [of theology?], with its admitted corollary that all does not depend on man, cutting at the root of self-effort. "The Christian assertion of human sinfulness," Sir Walter suggests, is valuable in that it puts men on their guard against dictators' intentions. It does them a disservice, however, that far outweighs that benefit. It closes in man's face the door to progression and perfection. Sir Walter's final implication that recognition of the unique value of each individual is a Christian contribution would not survive the open-minded study of pre-Christian texts.

REGENERATION AND TRANSFORMATION

A NOTE ON DOSTOIEVSKY

[In Dostoievsky the **Rev. R. S. Thomas,** young Welsh writer and cleric, does well to recognise " a modern prophet of the first rank. " Dostoievsky was indeed a fearless apostle of the living Word of Truth, with the rare combination of courage, sympathy and literary skill required to lay a healing hand upon the hideous moral ulcers of our time. The world today needs Dostoievsky's message.—ED.]

It seems that, in accordance with mankind's unfailing perverseness, a sufficient number of years has now elapsed since Dostoievsky's death for it to be quite within the bounds of decency to recognize him as a modern prophet of the first rank. No one, even in these enlightened days, can complain that he is out of date; he satisfies even the most rabid Freudian. Consequently what he had to say should be of primary importance at the present time.

Like many another genius Dostoievsky was, of course, ahead of his times as a thinker, so that the solutions which he offered were for those who were destined to pass through a crisis, rather than for those who were nearer to him in time. The loss of faith in God and in himself; revolutions and wars, and all other attempts to solve his problems from the outside, were all necessary stages in man's historical development before he could be in a position to appreciate the truth of the advice, the solutions, which Dostoievsky had to put forward, for these were essentially attempts to remedy the evil from within.

It is possible to be beyond help, or to appear to be so, in two ways; the first condition arises out of an inner attitude, the second is brought about by external circumstances. The first position defeats even a saviour of mankind, the second gives him his chance. I would suggest that Western man, nearer to Dostoievsky's time, was in the first category, but that now, at this present stage in the world's history, he is in the second. I mean that he has sunk so low that he may have to listen to the only advice that can save him, the only prophecy that can prove true for each and every individual, regardless of class, country or creed. In an age when nine-tenths of the literature is escapist, meretricious or otherwise shallow, it is doubly satisfying to read and possess a book which has all the authority and profundity of truth. To read *Crime and Punishment* is to pass through a profound spiritual experience, which cannot fail to leave an indelible impression, not so much on the mind, as in the heart. Other books have been claimed as Dostoievsky's masterpieces, and this is not the place

to enter the cockpit of literary criticism, but those of us who can read a language such as Russian only in translation must be forgiven for feeling that the main reason for the translation of Dostoievsky's works was that we might hear what he had to say, that is, that we might receive his message; and on that premise there is no clearer and more impressive one than *Crime and Punishment.* It is a long book, as of one who would speak slowly, deliberately and with many reiterations, in order that the importance of what he had to say should not be lost.

What, then, are the messages contained therein? There are two primarily, and they are not original in the sense of being new; they merely, from that stand-point, bear witness to the truth already discovered and preached by other sages before him, such as Jesus and Saint Paul. But they are made to appear original and memorable by the only means which a literary genius can use, by being clothed in the form of a parable, a story; a story about human personality, which demonstrates with unforgettable beauty the possibility of its reintegration and its transfiguration. The whole book is a dramatic and moving commentary on two Biblical texts, one in the Gospels: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." And one in the first epistle to the Corinthians: "This mortal must put on immortality."

At the risk of being too summary, too concise with so weighty a theme, so richly embroidered a tale, I would say that *Crime and Punishment* is a story about two states of being, two conditions of personality, and their eventual synthesis and fusion in the sacrament of male and female union. In Raskolnikoff we have the human personality degraded, dejected, outcast and bewildered; and in Sonia we have it transfigured. The latter beckons to the former; the degraded through regeneration reaches upward to union with the transfigured. The presiding presence over, and the result of, that union is Love. Yes, the story is a love story, the love of a woman for a man, but not as we of this generation have become accustomed to regard it.

Let us now consider the two main contentions of this story; the necessity of regeneration and the possibility of transfiguration. The one, of course, depends on the other; without the consciousness of the latter, the former cannot exist. What possible need or feeling for regeneration can there be in a personality that has lost its vision, its consciousness of Deity? Is not one of the greatest hindrances to world peace and brotherhood today the wilful persistence of national pride, and the monotonous search, by means of propaganda, for a scapegoat as an alternative to the humble acknowledgment of sin? It is not too much to say that there is no hope for civilization in our time, as long as each country is determined to shelve the blame, labelling as British or Ger-

man what are fundamentally sins of the blood, common to all; and striving to remedy economically problems that are primarily sociological. I venture to hope, however, or at least to pray, that if the peace conference is postponed long enough, the presence of Chinese delegates, of Dostoievsky's own countrymen, and of other, by then enlightened, people will force a recognition and a confession of mutual guilt for the world's condition. Without that willingness to acknowledge mutual degradation, all talk of a new world after the war is a wicked and an idle dream. Without confession and a definite belief in each nation's share in the general disgrace, how can there be such a thing as regeneration ?

The same thing is true in speaking of transfiguration. The primitive world knew roughly two ways of transfiguration, namely battle and cult, both of which were essentially escapist rather than transfigurative. The modern world has degraded both. If the world is to be transfigured, it must see modern war and cult for what they are, namely, debased forms of escapism, and must cast them aside, substituting in their place the old teaching of reverence, reverence for the Creator and for the created.

But we have allowed ourselves to generalize on what is primarily a particular problem. The above must come about in the world's own ponderous time, whose speed is the speed not of its simplest, but of its most material members. But for the individual time is precious. The cry is no different from what it has ever been: "Behold, now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation!" Now, now, the eternal, infinite now! Countries move slowly, they can afford to wait, but for the individual soul tomorrow may be too late. "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow," cried Shakespeare.

> *Tomorrow!*—Why, Tomorrow I may be
> Myself, with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years!

laughed Khayyam scornfully. While Berdyaev declares more prosaically, but none-the-less truly, none-the-less appositely:—

It may be said that means are more important to a person than ends, for they show more clearly what his spirit is.

Yes, it is now that the individual must choose, now, that he must create himself. Heaven, hell, annihilation, eternity are all of them here at his very elbow in this mortal life. What other meaning can our mortality have? Is not the diagnosis of the contemporary individual just this? To be mortal is to know all that is lowest, most agonizing, most destructive; why not, then, grasp what treasure he can from the wreck to lull the horror and sweeten our short flight above the abyss ?

This is entirely to miss the point, to imitate the "Eat, drink and be merry," of the pagans without their virtues. To be mortal may mean our knowing the lowest, but it is also the condition of knowing the highest. One wonders whether the capacity for extreme suffering is not the only

possibility of knowing extreme joy, of transfiguration, or else why the Incarnation? Is it not another of those strange paradoxes, which seem to be an essential part of life? He that would find his life must lose it. If you wish to rise to the greatest heights, you must first experience and conquer the lowest depths to which it is possible for you to fall. The world has advanced from innocency to self-consciousness and the depths of sin; it has before it the glorious possibility of regeneration and transfiguration, the entry into the state beyond good and evil. But what may take many eras, must in the case of the individual be accomplished within the span of threescore years and ten. We must travel like Blake from childhood through maturity to consummation. The world cannot pause, much less return to days of innocency; neither can we. It is another paradox of a more disagreeable kind that our modern young people, who seem so anxious to grow up, are really those who are most incapable of growing up. The refusal to grow up in the full, profound sense of the term, the harking back to childhood with its imagined happiness, is another form of escapism. We must grow up, we must be mortal, before we can even wish to put on immortality; and as long as we refuse to admit our fallen state, or as long as we admit it only tacitly by striving to escape, so long will we remain ignorant of that larger, transcendent life, which is the glory of a mortal, and which cannot be experienced, which cannot be even glimpsed, except through mortality. In his finest poem Wordsworth too realized this; what else can his closing lines to the "Ode on Immortality" mean:—

> Thanks to the human heart by
> which we live,
> Thanks to its tenderness,
> its joys and fears,
> To me the meanest flower that blows
> can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep
> for tears.

Listen also to the closing words of *Crime and Punishment*:—

> They did not know that a new life is not given for nothing; that it has to be paid dearly for, and only acquired by much patience and suffering and great future efforts.

Consider now the real glory of any human deed or action that savours of the eternal; does it not spring from a sense of that person's being lifted into some larger sphere, on to some higher plane, of being in a word transfigured, as Christ was transfigured on the Mount, so that we saw the halo, felt the stillness of those strange heights? Immortality, eternity is at hand; do we realize the paradox that those who appear the meanest are nearest the glory? They appear small only in contrast to their destiny. What else did Christ mean: "The publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom before you." What else did the Messianic prophecy mean: "He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Dostoievsky

understood; he made his hero a murderer, his heroine a prostitute.

Take heart, then, O mortal. It is in contrast to the glory which surrounds you, transcends you, that you appear small, helpless, insignificant. Have you never lighted a candle in your little room at night and seen your great shadow on the wall behind you? What did you whisper in wonder and awe to yourself? "Is it I? Is that really I?" Even so can Love blaze through our feeble actions, our puny lives, lifting them out of the material world to write them large on the walls of eternity.

R. S. THOMAS

INDIAN TAMAS

There were pointed lessons for modern India in the Convocation Address which Sir C. R. Reddy, Vice-Chancellor of the Andhra University, delivered on 14th April at the Tata Institute of Social Sciences, Bombay. While recognising the evil of power pursued as an end in itself he rightly declared that powerlessness was not the remedy. The earth promised as the inheritance of the meek, he rather cynically said, was usually "some feet below the surface of the earth." Power was a condition of good.

We Indians have failed to achieve enough power for conserving and promoting the good of our country and of the world.

Sir C. R. Reddy by no means considered the case of India hopeless. He pointed to the glorious part which women had come out of purdah and "tribalism" to play in the National struggle. And, in the changed attitude of the higher castes towards the untouchables, he saw the result of "the Gandhian spiritual dynamite" which had "blasted the hard rock of conservatism." And yet, does not his charge remain broadly true that ours is "a society in which inertia has overcome the capacity to dynamic change with the times"? Why not face facts? Who can deny that the average modern Indian moves fettered by the ball and chain of lethargy? There are splendid exceptions but they only shine the brighter against the dark background. In the days of India's glory spiritual dynamism was matched by objective achievement. "Science and spirituality," as the speaker said, "are not mutually antagonistic." The two are naturally complementary. Modern Indians are in too many cases dreaming of *Sattwa* and exemplifying *Tamas*, another name for which is indolence—mental, moral, physical—and still another name for which is laziness. There are two kinds of peace and calm—harmonious motion, as in a smoothly running motor, and the static inertia of the stone. Let us not mistake one for the another!

INDIA AND BRITAIN

[**Miss Elizabeth Cross** needs no introduction to our readers. Her work as an educationist in England is well recognized. In the article which follows she raises certain questions to glimpse a pattern in the web of Indian politics. To satisfy her and her kind in Britain we have procured answers from a balanced thinker and statesman **Shri T. R. Venkatarama Sastri, C.I.E.,** who was at one time Advocate General of the Madras Government, and who is the President of the Indian National Liberal Federation (a small but influential political group) for the current year.—ED.]

SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT INDIA

The average English person knows so little about India; we very rarely see any news except in the more serious weeklies, unless some startling tragedy occurs (such as the famine, or another major disaster). All the same we wonder, and we feel vaguely uneasy.

India is, to us all, a mystery, and a mystery that we turn from with an uncomfortable feeling of guilt. Guilt is almost too strong a word, for although those of us with a social conscience feel that "something should be done" yet at the same time we feel confused and can't imagine what that something should be.

We have a confusing number of ideas concerning India. Many of us have had relations that have worked in India, and our childhood contained memories of amazing treasures that were brought back. We saw beaten silverware decorated with strange Gods, we admired great bales of embroidered stuffs, Grandmother had shawls so fine and soft they could be pulled through a wedding-ring. The tales were confused too. Seemingly the people of India were great and proud and immensely rich. They lived in fairy palaces and had great power, far, far greater than any Lord in England. Yet, at the same time, some of the people lived in sad poverty and we had to subscribe our Saturday pennies to help send them hospitals so that the little children should not go blind. Yes, India, to a child, was indeed a mystery and there was no satisfactory answer when you said, "Grandpa, why did the Prince give you that silver tea-set? Why didn't he give the money to the hospital?" There was no answer given, and there are still so many of these awkward questions that need answers.

The majority of us meet so few Indians, and when we do we are foolishly shy and hesitate to ask what may seem tactless questions. These questions may seem foolish and elementary, but I venture to ask them now in the hope that I may see some answers later that

will help us all to understand. These questions, too, by their very simplicity may show how ignorant we are and what puzzles us most.

First of all, and I think this worries us most of all, we wonder about the Caste system (or our idea of it, perhaps). We have got hold of the idea that there are many Castes in India, just as we have so many classes, but that there is something definitely cruel and dangerous about this. We have heard of the Untouchables and the idea shocks us considerably. Many people are anxious for England to get out of India, to hand back what we consider ill-gotten gains, to allow an ancient, civilised people to govern themselves. But, and it is a big " but, " we would feel, quite sincerely, guilty if any harm came of this handing back. We feel uneasily responsible for India. Even the least informed of us sense the fact that we have benefited from our early exploitation and that we can't just retire gracefully and leave the people to make the best of things. This may seem utterly and entirely unreasonable to the Indian people themselves. In fact, it sounds insulting, but there it is. We, the ordinary people, feel for the masses of Indians, the peasants, the workers. We have an idea that they will be more exploited without us than with us. We fear your religious differences, we are afraid that many will be persecuted. Perhaps we are quite wrong in our impression, but there it is.

Another idea that we have is that you have so huge a gulf between what we term the " educated " class and the peasants. We have, perhaps, met some Indian students and, so far as we can see, they are like our own students. In them we see highly civilised people, and when we read about the research work, or the literary work of people of this kind we say, " Yes, of course, these people should be able to attend to their own affairs." Then, sooner or later, we hear tales or we read accounts of the amazingly primitive system of agriculture practised in India. We also read of the high birth rate and the high rate of infant mortality ; in fact, we have presented to us a picture of feudal times with a depressed peasantry living serf-like lives, breeding and dying thoughtlessly and hopelessly. Frankly, this picture shocks us. We don't, by any means, approve of our own mechanical civilisation which appears to be disappearing by reason of its hopelessly low birth rate, but we do wish for a happy mean. We are horrified to learn that so many of India's population live below the rate of proper nutrition and that semi-famine appears to be unavoidable. We are horrified because we don't believe such a thing ought to be. We believe that every effort must be made to increase food production and, if necessary, to control the growth of the population. We cannot see any virtue in allowing babies to be born merely to die in infancy. The main

point, however, which strikes us, is that there doesn't appear to be any earnest effort on the part of the educated to make things better for the masses.

Of course many may answer the above questions (or call them criticisms) by pointing out our own shameful record of the unemployed and our other social evils. We have many social injustices yet to remedy, but we may plead that we are, gradually, improving. It may be that there are vast strides being made in India, but if so we don't hear about them. All we hear, from time to time, are the alarming tales of suffering and more tales of delay and seeming indifference.

Perhaps we shall never be able to understand. Possibly our philosophies are so different that India's spiritual outlook will never be reconciled with our emphasis on the practical aspects of this earthly existence. At present our puzzled gaze is fixed on Gandhi who seems to be able to combine the spiritual with the practical (witness his schemes for bettering the peasant population).

ELIZABETH CROSS

ANSWERS

1. In each country there are injustices to remedy. No country is perfect and none can confidently challenge the scrutiny of critical fault-finders. Nations, like individuals, are very much alive to others' faults and not so to their own. Each lives in the midst of known faults and is too accustomed to them to realise how they would strike a stranger. Dharma gets a chance, and ultimately comes into its own, only because we take it up in dealing with others.

2. As good people realise that they cannot fully understand other peoples or their institutions, which are the result of their history in peculiar physical and social conditions, they hesitate, in their best moods, to pronounce a final judgment of condemnation. But even as self-interest blinds us to our own faults, so it makes us find faults where there are none or exaggerate them where they exist, when they might serve our purposes.

3. The Greek historians found great virtues among our people here. They had no interest in over-praising us or underestimating us. Even the early British administrators had good words to say of us, Indians. But we are now committing the unpardonable sin of asking for our freedom; and our faults and inadequacies have to be studied with the most minute care to justify the denial of freedom or its very qualified admission.

4. Miss Cross is in the very midst of a propaganda campaign. That she retains any faith in a man like Gandhi—if she does so retain—shows her goodness. Does she find it really so difficult to answer her own

simple questions ? That her grandfather and grandmother got rich and valuable presents like fine shawls, or tea-sets, or silverware, has in it nothing so very profound or difficult to understand. Is it not worth while to cultivate a foreign dominator whose smile may lift you up and whose frown may throw you down and crush you ? Incidentally it may suggest to far-seeing thinkers, how demoralising domination is, corrupting alike to the ruler and the ruled. Indians maintained their character with the Greeks who were their equals but lost it with the British dominators.

5. If you hear of India only when you hear of famines or other tragedies, it is worth reminding yourself that they are tragedies happening while yet the country is in the control of an all-knowing, benignant Government whose far-away head in London may dismiss the tragedy with the reflection that India has many superfluous millions and may advantageously shed a few.

6. When the hat goes round in far-away England for collecting pennies for the uplift of the heathen, it requires no great effort of imagination to realise that it is the beggars' usual way of exhibiting sores, false or true, to evoke the givers' sympathy and in this particular case the beggars have the advantage of exhibiting, in a very sensitive country, other people's sores than their own. I know of at least one European beggar who collected her passage money to India with the theme of the great need of Christian succour to benighted Indians.

7. The caste system had its admirers among the early British administrators. It served a good purpose in its day. Perhaps its day is done. I am witnessing every hour of the day numerous acts which under strict caste rules would be very, very improper. Where such rules have been found intolerable in modern conditions they have yielded. Where any features still remain no one feels them intolerable. And they are slowly softening now. Without entering upon its origin or its rationale, I will only say that if caste was not an unmixed blessing, it was not an unmixed curse either, but in so far as it had the potentiality of the present friction, it had an unrecognized defect from the beginning. The system may urge in extenuation that no device for meeting a present undeniable need can ever be free of unanticipated possibilities of evil. Is not Science benevolent and beneficent ? Has it not to defend itself now against the charge of responsibility for the present-day atrocities ?

8. For millennia our social organisation worked and was even accepted as having beneficent aspects. One cannot conjure it away in a few years.

9. The really important point for Miss Cross is that she worries about us and also feels uneasy at the ancient doings of her ancestors in this land only because her countrymen *now* rule over us. "It sounds

insulting but there it is" and "We may be quite wrong but there it is" are statements in which there is a subtle compromise with evil which requires careful reflection and subjugation. That comes out of propaganda for selfish purposes. At its root is a false feeling of self-righteousness of which good men and women should beware. There would be religious persecution, if the British left now, she says she is told. Is there any in the Indian States, one may ask? But who knows? Even that may be claimed as a blessing of the British Raj in the rest of India.

10. Miss Cross intends well. So she should consider whether, to her uneasy sense of responsibility, the high birth rate, the high rate of infant mortality, the amazingly primitive agriculture, and the disparities of a diverse population could only suggest the recipe of yet more British rule after a century and a half of it. Do not these pleas dinned into her ears against Britain's gracefully retiring from India too obviously derive from a desire for the continued enjoyment of the benefits of empire? If even so perfect a country as Britain can only plead that she has grave problems of her own with which she is grappling, should not other countries be allowed to grapple with their own? Some day all tutelage must end, even though it may seem grievous to guardians that wards should attain age and claim their own.

11. As for us, we have received the blessing of British Raj and along with it the further blessing of not being able easily to extricate ourselves from it. Is not coming under foreign domination in itself a serious fault inexcusable at any time and for all time?

T. R. VENKATARAMA SASTRI

THREE BASES FOR EDUCATION

Shri M. N. Shitole's scheme of basic education which he outlines in his *Shikshana Siddhanta* (Hindi) should commend itself to the consideration of all educationists who would plan the people's instruction with relevance to prevalent conditions. While combining the best points of the Wardha and the Sargent plans (though his scheme preceded the latter), Shri Shitole takes a firm stand on three basic considerations: that education means all-round and harmonious development of the taught; that, while knowledge of different subjects must be insured, instruction should directly aim at inducing broad cultural awareness; and that in the system of teaching, the teacher should not be a mere purveyor of information but a regular mental and moral guardian of the candidate. Wary of lop-sided emphasis on this or that aspect of education, Shri Shitole's scheme, properly implemented, promises to the illiterates of the land the minimum necessary to everyone as an incentive to self-development and growth.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE LETTERS OF MAX PLOWMAN *

Max Plowman—or, to give him his right English baptismal name, Mark Plowman—was a singularly distinctive figure in the British scene: distinctive, but not conspicuous. For he sedulously avoided the spotlight. I have known no one of comparable gifts who was comparable with him in self-effacement. He took a positive delight in playing second fiddle. He wrote but few books, and the most successful of these—the unvarnished account of his experiences in the last war: *A Subaltern on the Somme*—was published anonymously. The same self-effacement was characteristic of his attitude to his friends. *They* were the marvels, the nonpareils. *His* function was to lavish himself upon them in utter self-forgetfulness. Few men have ever loved their friends so well; and few have been so quick to discover and to make friends. Naturally, for few experiences are more delightful than to be discovered as a nonpareil.

So his literary achievement is largely posthumous: in the essays he did not trouble to collect, and now in his letters to those friends of his whom he patiently coaxed into achievement or caressed into self-acceptance, perhaps into self-satisfaction. He was not (I think) one of the great letter-writers in the accepted sense: one who pours forth magic felicities of style, and dips a flowing pen into an inkwell which is a pool of vision. He had not that incessant instantaneous sensitiveness to what Coleridge called "the goings-on" of the letter-writer's world, or the accompanying gift of sheer natural style, which lifts letter-writing into a high and peculiar art of literature. There is, of course, a high degree of self-forgetfulness necessary to that art; but it is the self-forgetfulness of the pure artist. No one has ever excelled in this kind of letter-writing who had not the true literary genius—"the vision and the faculty divine"—whether it be Mme. de Sévigné, Charles Lamb, Keats or Katherine Mansfield. Max Plowman's self-forgetfulness was not that of the literary artist, but of the self-forgetful friend, intent upon his unending task of encouraging, inspiring, appreciating those he loved, or sharing his discoveries with them.

But a gift of friendship carried to this pitch of perfection is the greatest of all spiritual achievements. Its implications are infinite. And in Max Plowman's letters we can watch it growing to its perfection, through the three phases which he knew so well: the rapture of Innocence, the suffering of Experience and the joy of Imagination. Max Plowman became a master of imaginative friendship. I can conceive of no nobler title. Neither could he. The most faithful service a friend can do his memory is to try to explain from the substance of his own letters something of what imaginative friendship meant for him.

For him friendship was all-important, all-embracing. That is manifest. At the very end of his life he said, in

* *Bridge into the Future: Letters of Max Plowman.* (Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London. 25s.)

final explanation of the faith to which he had completely devoted his last laborious years, "Pacifism is friendship." The volume of his letters is a unique record of a life lived as a manifestation of friendship, in the spontaneous service of friendship—an immortal witness to what friendship can be: a demonstration of its power and beauty (and perhaps also of its limitations) in act.

"In act" is the operative phrase. It links Max Plowman's friendship immediately with his conception of the Imagination, from which it is inseparable. "Imagination," he wrote, "is dynamic disinterestedness." Dynamic disinterestedness is friendship, he would equally have said. And that activity is the purpose of life. In so far as we have learned that this is the purpose of life, and are obedient to it, have we learned to live. "Life is life," he wrote, "just in so far as human beings are the means to the enfranchisement of one another in love and friendship." In what sense are human beings enfranchised by one another in love and friendship? "Service to those who have real meaning for us is delight. Friendship exists only when we know a friend beyond the realm where approval and disapproval have meaning." Friendship is thus a relation in which the participants are beyond each other's judgment. Each delights in the other's being, and so they are mutually liberated from the muddy vesture of decay which the censure, whether for good or ill, of abstract morality puts upon them. Just in so far as this mutual liberation takes place, human life becomes truly human, and is the vehicle of a power which regenerates the world.

For this is the means by which the divine love becomes operative.

> It is impossible truly to love anybody without loving God. Then this love should be the opportunity for the recognition of God and the worship of Him in them. Only as we do so can friendship be really sustained in all its essential holiness. Only so is marriage sanctified. And there must not be—to my mind—any otherness about love for Christ and love for our fellows. Christ and God in every man are one—the Divine Humanity—the essential person. And it is that recognition, and that alone, it seems to me, which has power to save the world.

Saving the world is regenerating the world, as this mutual recognition of the essential person—God manifest in His creatures—passes like a subtle, consuming, refining and revealing flame through the mass of humanity. Again he writes: "How can people expect to be good friends if they don't love God? They simply must eat one another. And broken friendships are records of people who didn't like being eaten, or got tired of eating." In those vivid and homely words he expresses his abhorrence of the false friendship which is merely an indulgence or a gratification of the Ego. Friendship can endure only if it is completely purged of possessiveness: its activity is to allow and assist the essential person to unfold itself in the beloved—to be a medium for the radiance of the spiritual sunlight—of affection, trust and faith—whereby the other grows into the grace of his own identity.

Obviously, in all this the word love could be substituted for the word friendship. There is no difference between them. William Blake, whose doctrine was second nature to Max Plowman, spoke again and again of "love and friendship." The difference, in ordinary language, is that love is more often used of the relation be-

tween a man and a woman who are bodily united, or between parents and children; friendship, of the relation in which there is no physical bond. But Max Plowman was perfectly clear that the essence of the relation is the same. Marriage, he said, is sanctified only if man and wife worship the God manifest in one another. He puts the same truth more forcibly: "The fact of mating, unillumined by the Imagination, is, *rightly*, positively repulsive. Seen in the Imagination it is the consummation of joy—the birthplace of the Lamb of God." Clearly, the physical union of a man and a woman, who worship the visible God in one another, is a spiritual communion of the highest. But it is not clear whether he meant more than this—whether he meant that the physical mating of a man and a woman who have not reached this loving awareness of each other's identity, and may never reach it, can nevertheless be regenerated by the Imagination of others. This seems to be implied in his frequent insistence on the significance of the fact that "all life begins in love." He dwells on this. He speaks of the necessity of "a dying into life and *rising again* to walk in newness of life—a faith based on the knowledge that as love only could have set the wheels in motion, so at the end all will be resolved in that which gave it birth." For "you cannot have a unique and individual soul born into the world without a couple of loving parents concerned only with one another. Animals may be bred of pure sex-hunger, but individual consciousness is requisite for the production of human beings—and works of art." Again,

> Love alone gives cloud and flower beauty, worthwhileness or truth. How then shall the life of man be regarded apart from love? It's just silly....Though the whole human (and more than human) race is propagated and lives by desire, when you come to the consideration of truth, this, if you please, this desire, is the one thing to be discarded as negligible. It's just fantastically stupid.

Now, is there not an element of confusion here? Desire and love are not the same. Between them is a difference of kind, not of degree. For desire is essentially possessive; and it is transmuted into love only when the possessive essence is purged away. Then only the act of mating becomes an act of worship of the visible God in the man and woman. "Only so is marriage sanctified." That corresponds exactly with his later words: "The thought of love as purely and exclusively a sexual act makes me physically sick; and it's because the sex-hygienists use the word in that sense that they revolt me." But the fact remains that the word is thus used and the act thus performed. In this sense sexual love was conceived by many Fathers of the Christian Church; and in this sense the marriage service of the English Prayer Book speaks of marriage as "ordained to avoid fornication." Are we to conclude that from such unsanctified matings "unique and individual souls" are not born? There is a real ambiguity here, such that we cannot tell whether in the words: "Animals may be bred of pure sex-hunger, but individual consciousness is requisite for the production of human beings—and works of art," some human beings are being relegated from birth to the class of animals.

One may be sure that was not Max's intention. It is alien to the true quality of his thought. Probably he used the word Desire in the comprehensive sense of the all-pervading urge towards life—

Spinoza's *via existendi*, or Lucretius' benign Venus: *hominum divumque voluptas*. But, even so, the ambiguity remains. Max certainly would not have accepted the materialism of Lucretius or the pantheism of Spinoza. The love that is at the beginning of all life is not the same as the love which is the consummation of human living. Sometimes it is; but far more often it is not. What is the connection between the universal desire and the love into which it has to be transmuted?

Historically, a connection was made by the romantic conception of "falling in love," whereby human mating is conceived as a mutual act of spiritual recognition which is consummated in physical union. The distinction between the love-marriage and other kinds is established in language. But, if the love-marriage is recognised as the ideal, it is certainly not the norm. The marriage of convenience, or interest, for sexual possession or for the procreation of children is much more prevalent. Max would no doubt have said that the love-marriage, in which there is an interpenetration of spiritual and physical in the act of falling in love, ought to be universal, and that it should gradually flower into a complete physical spiritual union. But the fact was otherwise. The obstacle to this permeation and transmutation of desire by love was "the rigidity of insensibility."

> Blake is always talking about "fibres of love." Life is tenderness with those fibres. They stretch from the lightest smile to the depths of procreation....The rigidity of insensibility—that's what we're up against.
>
> I think our sex-relations are under a curse of rigidity. We don't know practically all the gradations of love. Most people know nothing. The rest know the rules of the game. There aren't any rules ultimately: and we ought to know everything by experience. Sex is a long slow process of initiation—a voyage of discovery between two people, and absolutely the only chart for the journey is mutual feeling.

Truly and beautifully said. But what of the millions of marriages under the curse of rigidity—where generation has not been regenerated by Imagination. By some sleight of mind they are left out. And this omission is not merely, as it might be, an appearance created by the casual expression of letter-writing. It hovers like an unlaid ghost over such a considered expression of his faith as *The Right to Live*:—

> Henceforward test life in the light of your own birth....You were born of love. Love is your birthright. Know then, that except by love you cannot truly live at all, and that life with one insistent cry from the cradle to the grave, ay and beyond, does but call for that active co-operation of your spirit which is the conscious manifestation of love. There in no other life.

That was written in 1917, part of an essay which, twenty-two years later, in 1939, he considered as "at least worth more than all I have written before or since." And at the same time he reaffirmed the central thesis.

> Does birth confer the right to live?
>
> No, there is no such right inherent in birth: birth is merely the means that provides the opportunity for life. Life is a gift which we receive at the hands of....Of whom? Whole philosophies hang upon the answer to it.
>
> At the hands of our parents is the most obvious answer. True enough; but in their separate individualities they have no power to transmit life. So back we come to the basic truth that life is the offspring of love, and to the corollary, no love, no life. And thus it becomes simple and rational to say that God is love.

But *is* it either simple or rational to say on those grounds that God is love? On those grounds it is equally simple and rational to say that God is desire, or the urge to existence, or the life-

force. It is the *kind* of love that makes all the difference. The love that is the mutual worship of the God manifest in the essential person is one thing; the love that is manifest in the animal desire of mating is another. Which of these loves is God ?

To say, "Both," is to say nothing. To say that the former is human, the latter animal is to say hardly more. To come nearer to the truth we must call in aid Blake's words: "God only acts and is in existing beings or men," and his profound distinction between the Sexual Threefold and the Human Fourfold. Man is, for this thought, as it were the means by which animal desire is—that is, can be and ought to be—transmuted into Human Love, by the power of Imagination. For that purpose, or with that potentiality, Man came into the world: to be the vehicle of the Imagination whereby—to use Max's words—the fact of mating is seen as "the consummation of joy, the birthplace of the Lamb of God."

It is this Imagination which redeems the birth of a child who is born of sheer animal desire. It is not the Imagination of its parents, who have none. It is the Imagination of those who see that it makes essentially no difference to the child's potentiality of becoming itself a vehicle of Imagination. At birth he is, as Keats says, "an atom of perception, which knows and sees and is pure." Twice blessed, no doubt, are those children who are born of the commingling of imaginative love: of conscious Imagination in act in the consummation of joy. But the Imagination redeems all birth.

These two forms of Imagination—the Imagination which is active in fully conscious human beings, shaping their acts and their lives, and the Imagination which is active only in man's thought, comprehending and redeeming all creation as it were from without, are not separate; they are one. The unity of the active and the contemplative Imagination is the unity of the fulfilled human being in whom they abide. He both enacts the life of Imagination in his own human relations, and is the living point whence the Imagination, as consciousness—understanding, forgiveness, and joy—is radiated through creation. In the Christian idiom, the Imagination is Christ "reconciling the world to himself," by act and thought. The contemplative Imagination could not comprehend and redeem all creation if creation itself were not the work of Imagination: the beauty and the truth are veritably there. But in the works of the active Imagination, the work of creation is carried on: Imagination re-enters, as it were in a second act of creation, the world of Generation and the growth of Time. The implicit harmony which the contemplative Imagination discerns in the universe becomes explicit, by the active Imagination, in the lives of its servants. They co-operate with God, they are His fellow co-workers, not His subjects: "no longer servants, but friends."

Such a friend of God, such a vehicle of the Imagination in act, Max Plowman pre-eminently was. The implicit harmony became explicit in his life. Yet for a time in one crucial point he misesteemed the powers of the active Imagination; or, as he would have said, put his power of active Imagination to a test at which it failed through his own insufficiency. I do not believe that the active Imagination was ever

deficient in him. If it failed at the test, it was because success was impossible; profoundly impossible, because success would have destroyed the Imagination itself.

Just as there is ambiguity in his conception of Birth, so there is ambiguity in his conception of Death. The actual birth of children is relatively seldom the fruit of disinterested love. It ought to be, but it is not. If the birth of every child is a manifestation of the Divine Love, as it is, it is of the Divine Love operative through mortal instruments which ignore or deny it. Moreover, if birth is a manifestation of the Divine Love, so equally is Death. The Life that comes between is simply the opportunity for the Divine Love to be recognised and obeyed: the opportunity for man to know it and co-operate with it. Can he co-operate with it by seeking to overcome physical death?

Why should he attempt it? When the Divine Love becomes conscious of itself in a human Imagination, it is self-evident that what comes between Birth and Death is only an episode: a descent from and a return to Eternity "which is ever-present to the wise." What is important is not that mortals should cease to die, but that they should cease to fear Death: and the fear of Death will be cast out if they achieve Imagination.

The spiritual conquest of Death is probably the highest good attainable by man; the physical conquest of Death is unimaginable, and (I believe) contrary to Imagination. But between these two is a debatable realm, wherein the power of Love may be invoked to help in overcoming bodily disease. I know little about it, but I believe it is accepted that where disease is mainly psychological in origin and has not proceeded far in the organic derangement of the body, the removal of psychological conflict does conduce to physical recovery. In such a case it is evident that the attainment of Imagination by the patient himself will have a curative effect. But whether the Imagination of another, in the form of Love, can directly mediate health to a sick person, it is impossible to say. To deny it categorically would be to go beyond the evidence: to assert it categorically is equally to go beyond the evidence. And a very important part of the evidence is contained in Max Plowman's letters. He came to believe, with an extraordinary intensity of conviction, that through the power of the active Imagination, he could directly mediate health to sick persons whom he loved. He made the attempt three times, and failed in all.

At first, and bitterly, he believed that the cause of failure lay in the fault of others; gradually he came to believe that the fault lay in himself. "The essential redeeming love in me wasn't enough—as ever, it seems." But no imaginative reader of his letters will accept that verdict. There was no deficiency of love in Max Plowman. Where he failed, none could hope to succeed; and, I am convinced, none have really succeeded. Love is spiritually, not physically, regenerative. Its triumph is to conquer not Death —which would be to annihilate Life— but the fear of Death.

For a period of his life Max Plowman desired that Love should, and believed that Love could, do more than this. He was disappointed. It was necessary that he should be disappointed. Yet it was at this period of his life (and, I believe, for these pages) that he wrote

one of the noblest and truest justifications of death that have ever been written. Anyhow, it belongs to the world where there are no comparatives: the world of Eternity.

The one who contained the whole meaning and expression of life, died. And we died too—died in an agony of despair—died fighting all the way, from support to support, pleading with fate for pity and with life for a single concession. Till there was nothing to defend: not a recess that pain had not ravaged, not a cranny of possession that death had not ransacked.[1]

And still there is nothing.

And yet there is everything. For out of the whirlwind there came a still small voice, and it said: "For the possession of one thing you would gladly have lost the world. You have lost the treasure of your heart. You held it in fear, and your love was bound. See, I have taken away the fear and freed the love." And then we saw what death had power over and what he could not touch.

All that is of self death takes away. All that would bind another to its delight, even by the finest cords of love, death snaps. Death rolls up the whole world of our existence and bowls it into vacancy. And we are left stark.

But gradually, and right out of the heart of pain, another world opens, a very still, very silent world, without time and space, but a world of such intense reality that it makes the old world look like a bubble floating in the sunshine, mirroring everything in beauty, but having the impermanence of a bubble and being as fragile to the touch. On that day we know that the new world contains the old, and is to the old as the earth to the bubble. We discover that it is a world of being where all things exist eternally without shadow of doubt, or need of substance. It is a world where merely to think is to be full of action; where merely to desire is to fulfil the heart; where to remember is to return, and to anticipate is to realise.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY

RETURN TO HUSBANDRY *

I have been wondering what the Eastern readers of this Journal will make of the book under review. What interest have they in our agriculture, what knowledge of our dilemma? In spite of Gandhi who, with the whole force of his mighty spirit, set himself against the industrialisation of India, wishing to keep out every machine with the single exception of Madame Singer's sewing-machine, many Easterners appear more enamoured of modernisation than the English are.

Our situation is simply this. We were once, as all countries were, an agricultural country. At that time there were a series of communities called villages between which there was very little communication. They were knit together in such a beautiful way that life must have been good and real therein—for nothing tells the tale so clearly as architecture. Today there is no lack of communication between them but there is no community in them. Nor anywhere else. There is a far larger population in the nation, but the majority live away from the country in towns which are as ugly as the villages are beautiful.

How has this come about? Because the English possess a double genius.

[1] Max Plowman contributed many thoughtful reviews to our pages and a number of articles besides the series "What Does Death Mean to You?" from which Mr. J. Middleton Murry quotes. The other articles are—"The Scientific Method," "Ripeness Is All," "Sleeping and Waking" and "The Difficult Path to Peace."—ED.

* *The Natural Order.: Essays in the Return to Husbandry.* By Fourteen Writers, edited by H. J. MASSINGHAM. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

They *have* a genius and a longing for rural life, which is sad, for their genius for invention and mechanics has destroyed their rural life and disharmonised the whole nation. Their genius for industrialisation was so great that in their excitement they forgot all about their agriculture and their countryside, and they did not feel hungry, since farmers from other countries offered them food in exchange for the new goods. Everything comes to a bad end at last, and now the situation is so complicated that only easy prophets think it can be solved. Industrialism is no longer exciting or even economically sound as a long policy. But the towns are there, the factories are there and the people are there. The result is extreme disharmony, as no one can really see the way out. The spiritual effect is bad—there is no more irreligious country in the world than England today. There is decency, morality and much talk about religion, but no religious feeling, no religious belief and no religious action. If some old lady in a village is an exception to this, she is spoken of apologetically. "She is very religious," they say, though often in a kindly tone, showing readiness to overlook it.

How cure this situation? By a return to husbandry, says Mr. Massingham, who contributes to and edits this volume in which thirteen others approach the subject from various angles. By a return to husbandry. I do not myself understand this answer. I do not see how you can turn an industrial country back into an agricultural one. If it were put forward that the thing to do is to destroy the factories, burn down the towns, and shoot the extra people, then that could be recognised as a solution—a big problem tackled in a big way. But our easy prophets don't say that—though it is what they secretly would like to do. They simply say: Return to husbandry.

On a much less ambitious level the cry of Return to Husbandry is essential. When it means simply return to good farming, to reverence for Nature's laws, especially her Rule of Return, and to a self-sufficient economy, then, while it will not solve the whole problem or save the whole nation, it will solve some of the problem and save some of the nation, and at least provide a basis of existence for the rest. To this end this book is rich in practical suggestion and the inculcation of valid values. Some of the essays in it are incompetent and some silly; but at least ten are good, and all reveal how deep is the longing for a life of basic reality, and how strong the rural tradition within the people of England.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

[The above review and the essays upon which it is based ought to be read and pondered by the enthusiasts who see industrialisation as the royal road out of India's present difficulties. There is a lesson for them in so many thoughtful Englishmen's surveying the results of industrialisation in their country, pointing to its evils and seeing the best future hope in a return to husbandry. Should not we pause before committing India irrevocably to a plan so many warn has proved no less potential for evil than for good? Mischief is easier to avoid than to undo. Shall we not rather explore the possibilities of bettering conditions while retaining the predominantly agricultural character of India's economy?—ED.]

"...WORDS WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE" *

This is a small book but the author's ambition is unbounded. He aspires to put on record his judgment on India in the domains of politics, literature, music, medicine, journalism, the cinema and religion. One would think this to be beyond the capacity of one individual. But this is an instance of "where angels fear to tread..." And nowhere has the author claimed to be an angel.

The reader will be struck with the author's protestation that this book is not "British propaganda." This has to be tested. It may be noted that this book was written when Britain was fighting for her very existence and needed every able-bodied man in the fighting or productive services. Yet during this critical period the author was allowed a passage to India in order to undertake a tour of "many thousands of miles, on foot, by car, by bullock-cart, by aeroplane." It would appear therefore that he was under the protection of some powerful patron and his denial of official support is not proved.

In order to judge of the soundness of this book it is necessary to consider what qualifications Beverley Nichols possesses to entitle him to be a judge of India, self-appointed or otherwise. To those who suggested to him that one year's stay in India was not long enough, he replied that "a trained reporter would probably see more in a single railway journey than the amateur would see in a year of residence." This may be true, but every page of this book proclaims the fact that to be a trained reporter is not enough. For in no single instance has the author shown any real understanding of that which he has condemned so loudly. Vulgarity, prejudice and sensationalism run amok and reveal the nature of the author's mind but have no value whatever as a verdict on India. He claims, as a journalist, to "study the hearts of men." He certainly has not touched the heart of anything he saw in India and has not the capacity to do so. One day, in Calcutta, a starving woman sat beneath his window when he was about to have his tea. He sent her some money and with it some walnut cake and a jug of tea, neither of which did she touch. This gift was no doubt well-intentioned but what does it show ? Does it show insight and understanding ? Or does it show a Westerner unable to go beyond the limitations of his own habits and standards ? This inability to see into the heart of things is manifested on larger and larger scales throughout this book.

The author has a great deal to say, for instance, regarding the Hindu caste system. As a trained reporter he found it full of evils. To any man of insight it must be obvious that such an ancient and fundamental part of the social structure of a people can have arisen only in response to a definite need and can continue only while that need remains. The caste system is the equivalent of the trade guilds of the West, but it is something more besides. Throughout the centuries it has been the one great means of national preservation. How does Western civilization protect itself ? By the sword and by the extermination of the weak.

* *Verdict on India*. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. (Jonathan Cape, Ltd., London. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

This is not India's way. The Aryan invasion of India did not entail the extermination of the aboriginals, and the caste system founded at that time remains to this day to absorb and protect and preserve. The caste system stands for civilization giving highest place not to might but to learning and culture. But what of the evils seen by Beverley Nichols ? The one great evil which has arisen out of the caste system is privilege. In the West the privileged are the wealthy. In India the privileged are the highest castes. So the problem is the same in both cases and in East and West alike is heard the cry: "Privilege must go!"

The chief thing that worried Beverley Nichols in India was the fact that "Hinduism still dominates the modern scene." He therefore devotes one whole chapter to a criticism of the Hindu religion. He says it is a criticism but the reader is once more forced to wonder how any man can criticise, to any effect, that which he in no way understands. Now the ancient Rishis of Vedic times discovered a great secret. This secret has not been lost in the mists of time. It stands today as the very key-note of modern Hinduism. Unfortunately this secret was not revealed to Beverley Nichols when he came to India. In fact it was carefully hidden from him that the Rishis had ever existed, and he was left to make the strange statement that Hinduism "has no historical basis whatsoever." The secret discovered by the Rishis is that knowledge of God is only to be found within the hearts of men. Hinduism looks life squarely in the face; there is no doubt about that. The problems of evil, sin and suffering—which the West is debating even now and trying to reconcile with its conception of an all-merciful God—these problems are solved in Hinduism. Nature is cruel as well as kind, ugly as well as beautiful, diabolical as well as divine. All this the Rishis knew, yet unafraid they still proclaimed, "Knowledge of God is only to be found within the hearts of men." He who would understand Hinduism must understand this first for, without this understanding, criticism means chaos. And it is chaos, absolute chaos, that we find in this chapter of Beverley Nichols's book. We find Christ compared with Ganesh, we find "teeming millions" bowing at the feet of idols, we find caste and other social institutions which have admittedly done harm as well as good, mistakenly identified with religion. But of real Hinduism there is not a trace.

Thus this is a book of criticism based not on understanding but on vulgarity, prejudice and sensationalism. During his stay in India the author travelled widely. But what did he see? He did not visit Wardha or Santiniketan; he has never heard of Indian scientists like Sir C. V. Raman or Sir P. C. Ray. Instead he met lepers and syphilitics, murderers, elderly nautch girls and homo-sexuals. What the author says of Hindu journalism may here be quoted as an apt description of his own book:—

> Lying is carried to a fine art; there is the lie direct and the lie indirect, the lie of commission and of omission, the lie of suggestion, imputation, and insinuation.

G. K. Chesterton was right:—

> The modern world is an immense and tumultuous ocean, full of monstrous and living things...and across the top of it is spread a thin, a very thin, sheet of ice, of wicked wealth and of lying journalism.

IRENE R. RAY

A PHILOSOPHER OF THE SPIRIT*

Mr. Morgan's volume is, except for one essay, made up of articles he originally contributed to *The Times Literary Supplement* under the pseudonym "Menander." These papers, begun in October 1942, when the outlook for England was black, and continued through years during which the gleams of light arrived only fitfully and slowly, represented the effort of a writer distinguished alike as critic, novelist and playwright to disengage his mind from the immediate pressure of events, and to reaffirm the values which transcend the conflict of nations and the ravages of war. Mr. Morgan asked himself, and wished his readers to ask themselves, not only "What is worth dying for?" but "What is worth living for—and in what order?" That is the key-note of the first essay in the book, which is entitled, "In Search of Values," and that is the quest which is pursued to the last page, with its plea for the disentanglement of man from the forest of "unrelated knowledge," and a casting back to "the first principles of judgment."

Not that these "reflections" in the mirror of a mind at once tranquil and sensitive are predominantly abstract. Mr. Morgan is too keen an enjoyer of life in all its aspects ever to become an abstract philosopher. His mirror shows us many facets of literature, Pascal, Hardy and Emily Brontë; Turgenev and Tolstoy; Baudelaire, Valéry and Blok. It yields flashes from the genius of foreign nations—the spirit and civilization of France, *Italia Irredenta*, the idea of Europe. It has something to reflect of politics, in the higher sense of that term, as the science of human happiness and freedom in society; it is held up affectionately and reverently to the common joys and sorrows of the common man; and it does not disdain *la douceur de vivre*, the minor delights of good living, whether the beauty of St. James's Park, with its lake and pelicans and distant dome, or the stately pleasure of cricket at Lords in days when there were Junes without war, or the memory of girl companions binding up their locks with "that matchless gesture of head and hand, that flow of hair across their fingers," in preparation for long-ago games of rounders. Mr. Morgan is indeed one of those for whom "the visible world exists," but always as the vehicle of the Spirit.

To readers of this magazine it is the philosophy underlying his appreciation of the colours and forms of life that will specially appeal. That philosophy is not a system or a doctrine, but an angle of approach to life with its mysteries, and about his approach Mr. Morgan is fearlessly explicit. He is one of those for whom the *invisible* world also exists, for whom the human adventure is the adventure of a soul, not merely of a body or a group of organisms bound in an ant-like community of biological needs. To him a nation is "an Idea"; Europe is "a condition of thought"; and "the truth of a country is in its art, not in its polemics." His incisive condemnation of what he terms "the stale vanguard" of pre-war critics, who denied the worth of

**Reflections in a Mirror.* By CHARLES MORGAN. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

the human individual, making man no more than "a member of a group, a class, a party," is pronounced "because they were timid of vision, because they did not dare to imagine," and he believes (may he be right!) that "whoever will say fearlessly that materialism is sick unto death" has "his audience to-day among the young of England and America."

The effect of Mr. Morgan's teaching is a great sense of liberation. His fearless individualism armours us equally as we face the buffetings of the most horrible of all wars, against the despairing delusion that all that was good in the past of Europe and of civilized humanity as a whole will be destroyed by bomb and bluster, and against the uncritical illusion that the future can contain nothing but what is worthy of worship. The free man will neither be ashamed to treasure the values that the past has handed down to us, nor afraid to criticize what may be cheap and false in utopian blueprints of the future.

Wisdom did not perish when the library at Alexandria was destroyed, Hellenism did not die when Athens fell, and it is unreasonable to suggest that those who survive the present historical episode will find themselves miraculously exempt from the embarrassments, and deprived of the glories of our history and character.

A thinker can hardly face the cataclysm of the hour with such fortitude and sober hope if he has placed his heart in the keeping of perishable treasure-houses. In that impressive meditation entitled "The Abbey" (the publishers do not exaggerate in calling it "an essay which became famous on its first appearance") Mr. Morgan quotes and endorses from Henry James a list of the values in the pursuit of which the English race has formed its character. They include, "the fascination of faith, the acceptance of life, the respect for its mysteries...the seriousness above all, of the great human passion." These, Mr. Morgan pungently observes, are not "among the rewards now offered by materialists to the inhabitants of their new world." His recall to them is singularly timely. What is at stake in our day is not the truth of this or that religious doctrine —important as that may be—it is the validity of the religious consciousness as a whole. Is man the bearer of values derived from a Spirit beyond the bare phenomena of sense, and is his drama played out before a back-cloth that is the veil of a transcendent majesty? In his own way, undogmatic, unassuming, and with a beauty of language that is itself an attestation of the higher capacities of the human soul, this fine critic and great artist suggests the answer to the problem. That makes his book the first-fruits of a spiritual renewal.

D. L. MURRAY

Mystic Tales of Lama Taranatha. Translated by BHUPENDRANATH DATTA. (Ramakrishna Vedanta Mutt, Calcutta. Rs. 4/-)

A great deal in the history of the relation between Buddhism and Hinduism remains to be clarified by research. The prominence in both, however, of the practice of *Mantra*, *Tantra* and *Yoga*, all varieties of esoteric discipline for the obtainment of specific supernormal powers, is striking. It necessitates the conclusion that, despite mutual philosophical opposition, the two schools had,

in self-preservation, to absorb occult practices presumably from a common stock of uninterrupted tradition. Such will be the reflection of all who may care to peruse the *Mystic Tales of Lama Taranatha* done into English for the first time from Prof. A. Gruenwedel's German rendering of the Tibetan original. In seven sections entitled "Inspiration," tales are told of Buddhistic Siddhas who had not merely attained spiritual realisation and acquired supernormal powers, but helped their fellow-men to save themselves from the ills of finite existence. Practice of Yoga, obtainment of Siddhis, working of miracles, vanquishment of Brahmins and conversion of members of the laity and royalty to the Buddhistic Order constitute the essentials of the different tales told.

Instances are not wanting, further, which show that, in the times to which the Lama's tales relate, caste rules and regulations had reached a state of considerable relaxation. A Brahmana living with the daughter of a fletcher, another Brahmin taking a Chandala-woman as his spiritual companion, and similar alliances have been recorded.

There is evidently no limit to miracles which would not admit of scientific demonstration or verification. Nor would there seem to be any limit to the extraordinary power of the Grace of the Guru which can absolve one from the consequences of deadly sins.

Only a patient and dispassionate psychological analysis can reveal the *raison d'être* of the mystic practices in a scheme of moral, metaphysical and spiritual values. As it is, some of the workers of the miracles have been able to overawe or intimidate their fellow-men. The entire Yoga discipline still remains to be scientifically investigated. Not even the outermost fringes have yet been touched by modern researchers. Dr. Datta deserves to be complimented on his valuable work on an uncanny and recondite aspect of Buddhistic culture. A few typographical errors like the one on page 78, line 9, are left uncorrected in the list of "Corrections."

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

Mysteries of the Mind. By P. S. NAIDU, M.A. (Central Book Depot, Allahabad. Rs. 2/4)

This is a collection of articles intended principally for the layman, though breaking some new ground perhaps in its sections on applied psychology.

The book will repay perusal not for its engaging mental titbits but for its thoughtful suggestions as to the dangers of the competitive spirit so sedulously cultivated in the West, the impossibility of overcoming desire by gratifying it and the psychological origin of the "civilised diseases" of "brain-fag," insomnia, etc.

Shri P. S. Naidu, Lecturer in Philosophy at the Allahabad University, is an ardent admirer of Freud, McDougall and Binet. He has accepted with enthusiasm psycho-analysis, all-powerful instincts and propensities, intelligence tests *et id genus omne*. But he finds himself also drawn, and even more strongly perhaps, to the traditional psychology which is a legacy of ancient India. He seems to have persuaded himself that the findings of ancient and modern psychology are reconcilable but more than once he falls into apparent inconsistency. For example, he says in his Prefatory Note that "it

is only within the last few decades that strictly scientific methods of investigation have been applied to the study of psychological phenomena." Yet elsewhere, in conceding to India's ancient Rishis "complete knowledge of the workings of the human as well as of the animal mind," he writes:—

> Every fact unearthed by the Western scientist after laborious experimentation had already been recorded by the rishis. These facts are presented not merely as intuitive visions, but with empirical evidence too.

But if all the knowledge which the moderns have, the ancients possessed, and much besides, relating to the supernormal consciousness, and how to rise above impulses to self-control, above desires to renunciation, why succumb to the lure of modern theorists? Why not go direct to the original?

E. M. H.

Romain Rolland: The Story of a Conscience. By ALEX ARONSON. (Padma Publications Ltd., Bombay 1. Rs. 5/8)

As the clouds in the West steadily melt, the need for stouter hearts and more independent minds, like the heart and mind of Romain Rolland, becomes ever greater. In his recent death, the progressive forces in general and India in particular suffered an irreparable loss. Rolland was a great friend of India and interpreted her to the outside world so correctly that even Gandhiji was surprised that he, living in a different atmosphere, could do it so faithfully.

Dr. Aronson's well-written and well-documented book is not a biography; nor is it literary criticism; it is the story of the evolution of Romain Rolland as a thinker and as a writer, the story of his age.

Romain Rolland was an exponent of the unfettered individual conscience, with a moral basis. He believed in the joy born out of self-inflicted suffering which called for sacrifice of everything save the spirit—with the "stream of faith" as its fountain-head.

Till a very late age, he believed in the mysticism of action and creation; like his precursors, Beethoven, Michelangelo, Tolstoy and others, he lived in a "little church" built on the peak of a mountain and only from time to time did he come down to the plains to wage the battle of freedom.

This book traces the change in Rolland's outlook, from abstract speculation in intellectual aloofness, to concrete political reality. During World War I, he stood "above the battle" and later he turned down Lenin's invitation to accompany him to Russia at the time of the Revolution; nevertheless, these became turning-points in his life; they brought about a readjustment in his scale of values.

Romain Rolland's was a disillusioned life; its tragedy consisted in trying to bring about harmony between the individual conscience and the collective awareness of the masses, between the thinkers and those who could act, between the élite and the *hoi polloi*. He was never a traditionalist; it was in his old age that he bade "good-bye to the past," although he could not completely break away from it. In 1931, when he was over sixty-five, his emphasis shifted so that in 1933 we find him immersed in politics—he accepted the honorary Presidentship of the International Anti-Fascist Committee. This does not mean that he abdicated his judgment; he believed that he could still be free even within a revolution.

In this excellent little book, Dr. Aronson has shown the successive milestones on Rolland's mental road. He has shown how his outlook was only logical in the age and circumstances in which Rolland lived. Dr. Aronson, like his subject, is a hero-worshipper.

MADAN GOPAL

ENDS AND SAYINGS

" _____ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Dr. Zakir Hussain, Vice-Chancellor of the Jamia Millia Islamia at Delhi, visited Bombay in connection with the Silver Jubilee of that National Muslim University, the work of whose various institutions was the subject of an exhibition late in April. While in the city he made several speeches, *e. g.*, in connection with Iqbal Week, over one important function of which he presided, and one before the Progressive Group, Bombay, in which he pleaded for the democratisation of education in India. In the course of the latter he gave an arresting definition of education. Rightly insisting that literacy was only a skill and not education, he defined the latter as " the individualised revivification of objective culture. "

> Education is not mere addition from outside. It is not just putting information into an otherwise empty head....It is not writing on a *tabula rasa*. It is the cultivation and development of what is already present in the mind. The education of a mind is essentially a process of revivifying in it the latent values enshrined in goods of culture.

A very interesting definition, and we consider it a valid one, whatever it may mean to non-believers in reincarnation of the human Mind-Soul.

We heartily concur with Dr. Zakir Hussain, too, upon the urgency of adult education lest, as he put it, the rank weeds of adult ignorance and illiteracy "smother the growth of the delicate plants of democratic institutions."

Pleading for a critical and constructive attitude towards India's cultural heritage rooted in Sanskrit learning, Shri S. V. Ramamurti, inaugurating the Kuppuswami Sastri Research Institute at Madras on 22nd April, analysed the basic implications of the Indian view of life and stressed their importance for the modern world. The unity of all life and disinterested action were basic concepts of Indian thought and nothing else could resolve the dichotomy that faced the world. But India had first to revitalise the basis of her culture and be a leader in her own way of life rather than a camp-follower of an alien mode. This could be only through a reorientation of values in the light of modern conditions and Western methods.

The East and the West had a co-operative responsibility. India's *forte* lay in the region of mind and spirit, Europe's in the region of matter. India had plenty of self-forgetfulness, which the West needed, and lacked energy, which the West had in abundant measure. The crisis of the modern world had shown that the reconciliation of the inner and outer life was not merely of philosophical interest but went to the root of harmonious living. *The Hindu* quotes Shri Ramamurti as asking :—

> How can there be one world in the affairs of men, unless there can be one world in the hearts of men? For four thousand years,

India has been seeking the one world in the hearts of men.

Shrimati Kamaladevi in her inaugural address at the Rural Workers' Training Camp, Pohri, Gwalior, on 24th April, painted a most depressing economic picture. There can be no gainsaying that conditions are shocking. The statistics of the pressure of the population on the land, of absentee landlordism, of the uneconomic holding systems and of unprofitable methods of cultivation, are more than enough to explain the poor nutrition and health conditions in the lakhs of villages. Confronted with basic evils so overwhelming, many a rural work trainee must feel he is being provided with bucket and mop and asked to dry up the sea.

A radical change in economic structure is required, no doubt of that. But much can be done meantime within the existing structure, because man is not only an economic being. The villagers have other than economic needs, important as these are. The cities have drained the villages of many of their elements of initiative and enterprise and the supersession of village autonomy must share the responsibility for the listlessness that is complained of in the villagers. But village life, so close to the beauties of nature, ought not to be drab!

Shrimati Kamaladevi ended on a hopeful note—"a striving for a fuller, richer and more abundant rural life," through the introduction of social and cultural amenities—clubs, study circles, libraries, dramatic groups. The rural workers must not only teach the villagers how to work in the subsidiary industries with which machines will not compete, but also how to co-operate purposefully and—almost as important—how to play.

One of the most important points made by Dr. Paul J. Braisted in *Cultural Cooperation: Keynote of the Coming Age* (Pamphlet No. 8, The Edward W. Hazen Foundation, Haddam, Connecticut), is that genuine good-will, so necessary to lasting peace, is widely different from paternalism and benevolence, which he brands as destructive forces. These arise from contrasting achievements or status; and both, rooted in pride and self-centredness, foster and perpetuate the sense of separateness, encouraging dependence and a sense of inferiority on the one side and self-righteousness on the other. They obscure the larger truth that all people, in varying degrees, stand in need of improvement. Both, Dr. Braisted declares, must disappear if men are to work together for the common good. He goes so far as to call the sheer arrogance of paternalism at its most vicious not only "a most fruitful source of bitterness among the less favoured peoples of the world" but also

a more effective drawback to their advancement than the ravages of piracy or the harshness of cruelty. Suffering tends to breed resistance but paternalism kills the desire for advancement and stultifies efforts....It tends to infect all colonial administration.

The "fatherly" control that guards its own special privilege is tainted with hypocrisy, however unconscious. Dr. Braisted recognises that colonial administration has sometimes manifested genuine concern for native populations but, he pertinently asks, how often is such concern

focussed upon their advancement, ultimately but definitely, to equal status? How frequently is it a kindly interest in improving their life in the present inferior status...?

This failing, paternalism, "pervasive and insidious," is, Dr. Braisted rightly holds, "an enemy of all who seek a more peaceful world.

Dr. W. D. Lamont examines "Politics and Culture" in *Philosophy* for April 1945 in an article pregnant with suggestion for India, though this country is not mentioned.

Whether closer international organisation holds a threat to distinctive cultures is a timely question. Dr. Lamont concedes the importance of cultural or non-utilitarian values to social solidarity. Common ideals and sentiments are essential to effective common action and those are most easily developed on the basis of the familiar culture pattern. But Governments that have attempted, in the interest of unity, to impose a certain form of culture, even a certain language, upon all under their rule, have amply proved the likelihood of quite the opposite effect.

Not everything which has the dignity of tradition is worth maintaining indefinitely. Sentimental values attaching to outgrown institutions may constitute a drag upon progress. But their gradual transformation or sloughing off must come from the individuals or the group concerned, and from no outside force. Yet, as Dr. Lamont points out, "an organism cannot live very long without drawing from its environment" that which it can assimilate and transmute. Contact admittedly does modify the forms of social life but "a people's culture is often deeply enriched through externa influence." The bourgeoning of th indigenous linguistic cultures of India fecundated in the last centuries b contact with European literature an thought, must spring to every culture Indian's mind as a confirmation of thi truth. Dr. Lamont sees the business o government as

not to provide a specific form of cultur which it seals with its approval and enforce by its might, but to provide the basi conditions in which a society can produce living, dynamic culture appropriate to it character and historical circumstances.

Prominent among those basic conditions are the order and security which a sound government, national or international, insures.

Encourage voluntary organisations along lines of divergent interests, he urges. Loyalty to the small group is little likely to weaken loyalty to the larger society. In fact, the more small groups there are on different lines the more will be the overlapping and the more far-spreading the network of sympathetic ties.

Dr. Lamont correctly denies value to difference *per se* as much as to uniformity in itself.

Whether cultures are to become uniform or remain different is a secondary matter. What is really important is that cultures should be as rich as possible and satisfy (so far as may be) our aspirations towards the good life.

Cannot the many nations of the world and, on the smaller scale, the many cultural groups in India, accepting that ideal, develop their distinctive cultures side by side in friendly emulation of the best in all, knitting brotherly hands together for the common effort to create a juster, fairer world?